

Signing The Farm Away.

Fine old farm for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Corn-fields rich in golden ears
Ort as the harvest came;
Crowded barn and crowded bin
And still the loads kept coming in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family line appears.
Orchards covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say,
Sure in season to come from the mill,
To be tasted round the dining table;
And they drank as they worked and ate
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great thing to
To be found without a "barrel on tap."
But while the season crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strong
As ever a drunkard knew;
And they labored less and they squandered more.
Cherly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.
The father shattered and scented with
rum,
The mother sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
To be left for the devil who was lying in;
Oh! I saw the wrecked household around
her stand,
And the justice hunter trembling hand,
Helping her as in her bed she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.
Ah, how she wept, and the flood of tears
Swept down her temples bare;
And the father, already bowled with years,
Bowed lower with despair.
Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them, poor and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.
Oh, many scenes have I met in my life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's
wife
Signing the farm away!
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured,
Worse than fire or flood's dismay!
Drunkards signing the farm away!

Faithfulness.

Ralph Warner and Joe Curtis were next-door neighbors. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the two houses were the eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris, the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow. It was a small one, so small that sometimes this boy was all the help she had. One night Ralph asked Mr. Harris if he might go to the river with Joe. "Have you done all the chores?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, sir."
Now Mr. Harris knew that if Ralph said so, it was so, and he granted his request at once.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning.

"Joe," he said, "will you ask Mrs. Douglas if she can go to the river with me?"

Joe gave a ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph.

Knowing something of Joe's habits Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, "Are you sure that the chores are all done?"

"Yes, I believe so," was Joe's careless answer.

"The barn doors are open. Doesn't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference, and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house."

"I should shut them, if I were in your place," said Ralph, and then the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked, "Have you brought in the eggs today?"

"No, I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it."

"Let's see if we can find any, before we go to the river," said Ralph. "I like to hunt for eggs."

They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this, continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs of which Joe had no knowledge.

"Only that?" he said, "I have found sixteen!" said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. "Worth looking for, I am sure."

Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his way; Joe neglecting his duties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and yet, during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of the two years Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man when at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farm house. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris.

"Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy," said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it were a matter of course.

"I wonder if you know how few boys there are as faithful as he is?" was his friend's reply.

"I want a good, honest, faithful boy," said a friend to this gentleman about two weeks after his return home.

"Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?" The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered, "I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy." And then he told him all about Ralph.

"Do you think I could get him?" "Very likely you may, if you try." He did try, and the result was that Ralph found an excellent situation,

which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

It has often been said that the rogue or wrong-door is sure to be found out in the long run. He may think that no one observes him, but people around him have eyes, and, by and by, there will be a place where such a boy is wanted, and some one, who has been silently watching him, will bring the place and boy together.—*Congregationalist.*

Attend to Details.

One of the most important habits among men of success is attention to the little things connected with their business. The value of this habit appears in many business proverbs. Such as: "Take care of the pennies and pounds will take care of themselves." "A penny saved is a penny made." "No pains no gains." "Many a little makes meekle."

Michael Angelo was once explaining to a friend what he had done on his statue. He said: "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle."—"But these are trifles," remarked his friend. "That may be true," said the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

So attending to the details of business, to the details in the science of medicine, or law, insures success, and success is no trifle. And here a preacher will learn a valuable lesson. Let him attend to the details of all his work, the details of the quarterly meeting, of the prayer meeting, Sunday-school, the pulpit, etc., and he will find success crowning his labors.

There can be no accuracy and thoroughness in scholarship without attention to the details of the subject investigated. The difference between profound and superficial scholarship is found right here.—*Raleigh Advocate.*

Don't Nag Each Other.

Young wives and husbands cannot be too strongly reminded of the probable shipwreck they will make of their happiness if they yield to that ill-temper which expresses itself in discourtesy, want of compliance, unnecessary opposition, and, above all, that most disastrous amusement of "nagging" and creating a row. Hundreds of households have gone wrong from the mere want of checking in time the habit of annoying as a relief to a momentary feeling of irritation or discomfort. The wife who gets into the way of contradicting, or "checking" her husband, of opposing him in small things and standing out in large ones—the husband who is sneering, temptuous, tyrannical, fault-finding; perhaps neither side knowing the whole extent of its folly, but just giving way to it as more easy than to fight and conquer—these young people are doing their best to dig the grave of their married peace; and some day poor, fainting little love will fall into it stark and plumeless, and will never rise to life again.

In the beginning these little tiffs and discomforts are made up with a kiss from him and a few tears from her to add cement to the reconciliation. By time the tiffs are more acrid, and the reconciliation is less warm. By still further time this never comes at all; and things get into that chronic state when there is never an open breach and never a formal healing, but an ever-widening rift and a never-ending coldness. Then the two lives jar and grind like rusty hinges—locks which misfit the slot, wheels where the axle is stiff, or anything else which would never work together in harmony and smoothness, but which, for want of care to keep the adjustment exact, perhaps for want of oil to the joints, creak an hang and chafe and do not fit to the annoyance, and more, of all the bystanders.—*Home Journal.*

Maria Mitchell

Says: "I was born of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency," and herein is the secret of a great life.

She left school at seventeen; then, loving mathematics, and being deeply interested in her father's studies, she became his helper in the work of the coast survey.

One autumn night in October, 1817, she was gazing through the telescope, when she discovered an unknown comet.

The medal was at last awarded, and the woman astronomer of Nantucket found herself in the scientific journals and in the papers as the discoverer of "Miss Mitchell's comet."

When sleep are huddled on small areas it should not be overlooked that in addition to the profit they may give the animals distribute the manure evenly, pressing it into the soil with their hoofs, which is quite an item if the expense of hauling manure be considered.

To clean looking glasses: Sponge down the glass with gum and water, equal parts; then dust down with whitening and finish with an old silk handkerchief

"On the Other Side."

"What was your Sunday-school lesson about?" said Mrs. Ward to her daughter Fanny one Sunday evening, as they sat together in their pretty parlor.

"It was about the good Samaritan, who went to the aid of the man who had been robbed and almost killed by highway robbers," replied Fanny.

"And are you surprised that the Samaritan was so kind to a stranger?"

"I think it was very good in him, mamma; but I am more surprised that the priest and Levite passed by without offering to help him. I don't see how any one could be so unkind."

"I am afraid there are more people like the priest and Levite than like the good Samaritan. There are too many, even in our day, who pass by 'on the other side' when a fellow-being is in trouble or disgrace, and greatly in need of human help and comfort. You look surprised at my words; but think a minute, Fanny: is it not true? Let me help you to answer by asking one more question: Do you think that you and all your friends always run quickly to help the girl who is unpopular, and perhaps rather disagreeable to her companions, if she meets with some misfortune or accident?"

"I don't know, mamma; perhaps not. Of course we can't enjoy being with these we dislike as much as with our favorites, and we?"

"Does the Bible say, be kind to your 'favorites,' or to those whom you like very much?"

"I suppose not, mamma."

"No; it says, 'Love one another.' There is no 'if' after it; no such thing as 'if you find it easy,' if they seem to love you, or anything of the sort; but we are simply told, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself;' and Christ said, in his Sermon on the Mount, 'Love your enemies.' I will explain what I think passing by 'on the other side' means, by relating a little incident which I witnessed a few days ago."

"I was watching several children on their way to school, and I noticed that they were walking two by two. Most of them were well dressed; and their manner and bearing showed that they were no strangers to the comforts, or even the luxuries of life. Presently, from a little house at a distance from the street, came a little girl, with school-books and slate under her arm; and seeing the girls I have mentioned, she quickened her steps, and hurried along, evidently with the purpose of overtaking them. But, just as if they did not see her (though I am sure they did,) they crossed over to the other side of the street; and, as they came near me, I heard one of them say, 'There comes that gawky Susan; she doesn't seem to know that we don't enjoy her company. I wonder if she will have brass enough to cross over and join us?' 'Of course she will,' said another. 'Such cheek, I do declare!' echoed a third.

"Just then Tommy Clark spied her, and set his dog on her,—'just for fun,' as he afterwards said. She had a muff in her hand; and as the dog sprang for it, she raised it high in the air, and at the same time let her books and slate fall. The slate was broken, and the books soaked in snow-water. I did not think the dog would bite her; but I feared greatly he would tear her dress, and so he did. The child was greatly distressed and frightened; but the girl who crossed over to avoid her appeared to enjoy her sad plight, and laughed quite heartily. One of them called out, 'You are too bad, Tommy;' and another said, 'Let us help her;' but an older girl replied, 'Don't stop to help that thing; you know we ought to be in school this minute!'

"The boy called his dog away, and seemed sorry for the trouble he had caused; and I thought her told so as he went to pick up her books, and give her some pins to pin up her ruffles. The poor child cried dreadfully; and I called her to me, washed her face, and gave her a handkerchief (for she had none), and, when I promised to tell her teacher she was excusable for being late, she thanked me and said: 'Oh, I am so much obliged to you! I haven't been late this term. My grandma is too old to write an excuse for me.'

"I ask her a few questions (there was not time for many), and I found her parents were dead, and that she is sent to school by a few friends. She says most of the scholars call her 'Charity Sue.' She thinks they say it softly, so she will not hear; but I could have told her that those girls who would say it are afraid their teacher will hear them, rather than careful of hurting her feelings."

"Why, mamma?" said Fannie, who was beginning to look quite ashamed, "how could you have seen all that, and then helped the little girl too? It wasn't anywhere near our house."

"No, child; it was not near here. Do you remember the night I watched with Mrs. Adams? The next morning I could not leave her alone until the doctor had called; so I was detained there beyond your school hour. And at the moment I saw what I have related, I had left the sick room and hastened to the parlor window to catch a glimpse of my dear Fanny on her way to school; for I missed her sadly, and would have gone to the door for my morning greeting and a

kiss, if she had not started up so quickly, and hurried around the corner, when her companions said it was getting late."

"Why did you not tell me this before, mamma?"

"You know it is my custom, dear, to wait until the following Sabbath, before I refer to faults or wrong doing which I may have noticed in you during the week, hoping you will recall it, and be led by your Sunday lesson, or other teaching, to think of your errors, and speak of them to me before we kneel to offer our evening prayer, and ask God's forgiveness for our sins. I hoped the lesson of to-day would show you that you and all your companions had exhibited in your treatment of Susie the same spirit which Christ condemned in the priest and Levite."

"She is coming here to-morrow, and I want you to be very kind to her. When you know as much of her history as I have heard to-day, I am sure you will be unwilling to slight her."

"Remember all that we need to know about persons in order to be a neighbor to them, and follow Christ's teaching, is that they need help from us."

"And yet this kindness to our fellow-beings is not all that our lesson teaches."

"We know of One who bore our sins upon the cross, who 'was wounded for our transgressions;' and yet we slight him, and forget his love towards us."

"My dear Fanny, I would say to you and to all the young people who have heard of Jesus, you cannot live as the holy gospel teaches you to live, you cannot be like Jesus, unless you become his follower, and desire to be led and taught of him."

Who is on the Lord's side? Are you, my reader?

Gen. Sheridan's Peace Testimony.

The apparent approaching death of the General of the United States army will give even profounder significance to one of his last public utterances: It was at Philadelphia in September, 1887, that he said in presence of President Cleveland and others met to celebrate the Centennial of the United States Constitution:

"There is one thing you should appreciate, and that is the improvement in guns and in the material of war, in dynamite and other explosives, and in breach-loading guns is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will be eliminated from history, when we can no longer stand up and fight each other, and when we will have to resort to something else. Now, what will that 'something else' be? It will be arbitration. I mean what I say when I express the belief that any of those here present who may live until the next centennial, will find that arbitration will rule the whole world." [Three cheers for the General were here given.]

President Cleveland said to William Jones, Sept. 23, that he had been impressed by the statement made by General Sheridan at the Centennial banquet of the previous week, that the tendency of modern warfare is to become less and less a test of skill, strategy and courage and more and more a system of sheer organized murder.

Calla Lilies.

New York florists who grow calla lilies for market keep the plants in pots all the year round. In a word they keep the callas in active growth until May or June, then they dry them off and put them away to rest until about August, when the plants are repotted into the same sized pots (six or eight inch) in which they were previously grown. After repotting they are watered and exposed to air and sun, when active growth soon begins again. The plants under this treatment, begin to bloom in October and continue to flower during the winter and on until after Easter.

Some growers vary the above plan by planting their callas in the open ground during the summer and lifting and potting them in the autumn. This latter practice is productive of luxuriant foliage and very large lilies. The first plant mentioned—resting the plants in summer—will, however, give the greatest number of blossoms.

Coffee.

Have the coffee freshly and evenly browned, grind it fine, seal out the coffee-pot, put in the ground coffee, add a little of the white of an egg and water to moisten the whole, stir it well, then pour on boiling water. Boil up once and serve. If the egg is omitted pour the boiling water directly on the dry coffee, or, put the coffee in a flannel bag and pour boiling water over it. Drain through and pour once more through the bag, and drain through again. Bring to the boiling point and serve. Coffee made in a granite-ware or new tin coffee-pot will not turn black. Coffee should never be permitted to stand long on the grounds. It may be poured into a porcelain dish and kept hot on the stove. Contact with iron turns coffee black and makes it blacken the teeth when drunk.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.

Unforgiven.

"Charlie?"
"Well."
"Forgive me, dear?"
No answer. I just go on packing my valise

"Charlie?"
"Well."
"Will you forgive me, dear?"
The sweet voice vibrates through my heart in tender cadence,—but she is always doing something, and then asking to be forgiven, and I am tired of it. I will teach her a lesson, and also that forbearance sometimes ceases to be a virtue.

"Charlie?"
"Well."
"Please forgive me, dear."

I have finished my packing and am ready for my journey. As I take my grip in hand, I turn half towards the spot where sits a slender figure in the shadow of the heavy *portiere*, but I think better—or worse—of it, and stride across the room to the outer door; then I turn and say: "Good-bye, Nell; I'll be home Wednesday."

"Charlie?"
"Well."
"Please forgive me, dear."

My journey is ended, and now surely that sweet voice will cease its musical horror in my ears.

But no. In the footsteps of men upon the streets of a strange city; in the chirp of the crickets out in the field; in the quiet of my room, and the hum of the busy voices below, I hear only the words, "Will you forgive me, dear?"

I must go home; I will seek my young wife, and I will forgive her. But the train appears to move so slowly; the stations seem to be so far apart; the fields crawl by.

Ah! my journey is ended. I will be at home. But I must hasten. Some way I feel I haven't a moment lose: I must be home.

Ah! here it is. There's a light in the chamber, our chamber. Sly rogue! she is waiting for me. She knew I could not stay away. Ah! let me once get hold of her, how I will forgive her, my poor, patient little wife. How often she has forgiven me!

But she does not open the door as she went at sound of footsteps she knows so well. Her sweet face welcomes me not, but another's and white as marble.

I followed, dazed, into my wife's room. She is there yet, and upon her arm lies my little, new-born daughter. But never will her little arms be raised to my embrace, and never again will she say to me, "Forgive me, dear!"

I could not sleep that night; I could not sleep the night before; I shall not sleep to-night, for all through the silent watches I shall hear one sound—that cry of a sweet voice calling out in never-ceasing pleadings, "Please forgive me, dear!"

Successful Men.

HOW THEY GAINED WEALTH.

Amos Lawrence said when asked for advice: "Young men, base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and doing this never count the cost."

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, says: "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application."

The world-renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules: "Be an off-handed man; make a bargain at once; never have anything to do with an unsteady man or plan; be cautious and bold."

Edward Everett said: "The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority."

The Bible says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; yea, he shall not stand before mean men."

Franklin quoted and verified this.

Thirst in Young Infants.

It is a mistake to suppose that because milk is a liquid food it is at the same time a drink which is capable of satisfying the thirst of infants. Although milk appeases hunger, it makes thirst more intense after it has remained some time in the stomach and digestion of it has begun. It is thirst which causes healthy, breast-nourished infants to cry for long periods of time in many instances. There are many cases of indigestion due to weakness or insufficiency of the child's gastric juice which would be greatly benefited, or even cured, if the child were allowed an occasional drink of water.

You talk about getting religion. Better get salvation and then you will have religion. A great many have religion, but very few have salvation. There are a great many religions in the world, but only one that is genuine, and that is the "pure and undefiled religion." If we have this kind, we have the love of God filling our hearts, and we keep ourselves "unspotted from the world."

The Golden Eagle.

A good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a twenty-dollar gold piece. No one had been to the drawer, it was proven, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him to make change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold piece had disappeared. Naturally Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes, he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is needless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston "and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money, or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I have not lost it, in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and, then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take him long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure what trouble God might choose to send upon him. Skeptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston would smile and say "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me in years afterward, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling up at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding place and it was the letter!"

"How it got there, I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I had not gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance, I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought the letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's cash-drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*Young Reaper.*

Candies.

Lemon Drops.—Upon a pound of finely powdered sugar, pour just enough lemon juice to dissolve it, and boil it until it is like a thick syrup. Drop this on plates and put in a warm place to harden.

Sugar Candies.—Six cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one spoonful of butter, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Boil all together without stirring for half an hour. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. This may be pulled like molasses candy, or cooled on a buttered plate.

Chocolate Cream Drops.—Mix one-half a cup of cream with two of white sugar, boil and stir full five minutes. Set the dish into another of cold water, and stir until it becomes hard. Then make into small balls the size of marbles, and with a fork roll each separately in the chocolate, which in the meantime has been put in a bowl over the boiling tea kettle and melted. Put on brown paper and cool. Flavor with vanilla. This will make fifty drops.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.

A Hymn for Eventide.

BY THOM MACKELLAR.

Day is waning into shadow,
Darkness dims the hill and meadow,
Till the stars light up the even,
From their crystal towers in heaven.
With its lantern starward swinging,
See the fire-fly heavenward winging;
While from crannies wall and timber
Comes the carol of the cricket.

Peace, with hushing finger lifted,
Cheers the heart by sorrow rified,
Pointing to the Comfort-Giver,
And the house beyond the river.
As an island ocean-bounded,
Lord, Thy love hath me surrounded:
In Thy pasture Thou hast fed me,
By the restful waters led me.

Thou hast given from Thy treasure
Bounties more than I can measure;
Yes, my Father, not a minute
But has come with goodness in it.
Years there were that bought me crosses,
Time of pain and grief and losses;
Still they carried in their keeping
Sowing time and harvest-reaping.

As the span of life shall lengthen;
In Thy faith and patience strengthen,
Daily to Thee bring me nearer,
Daily to me be Thou dearer.

GRAINS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and keep a little ahead of him in the same way during the training, to be sure he goes."

Better fall a thousand times, and fall in every thing else, than to attempt to shape for yourself a life without an interest in heaven.

Man would be but a vain thing, a toy, mere dust and ashes, a passing vapor, did he not know his nothingness. This feeling, this knowledge, makes us immortal.

When the widow brought empty vessels to Elisha, the oil was poured into them. Bring God the broken vessel of a contrite heart, and He will pour in the oil of mercy.

We have our nigh seasons and our winter seasons, but, as we abide in patience, we shall experience the dawn of the day, and the return of the spring, to our rejoicing.

Feeling is of as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drives the engine it is good; but if it does not, it is not good for any thing but to fix and hiss and buzz.

Hear the preaching to his midshipmen of that great warrior, Lord Nelson: "Hate a Frenchman as you would hate the devil!" Hear another voice: "Love your enemies!"

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men except upon the most trustworthy testimony.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life, it affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.

There is no fact in the moral universe so awful and yet precious, as that God knows you. He never misrepresents or misquotes anybody. "Thou God seest me," is one of the best mottoes to use in our sitting-rooms, on the street corners, and above the head of the preacher.

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It banishes all levity of behavior, all vicious and dissolute mirth, and fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others as well as to be pleased itself.

Color of Cattle.

The prevailing opinion has been for a long time against white cattle, under the impression that they were less hardy than the darker colors. But the *London Live Stock Journal* states that the breeders of Yorkshire cattle are now of the opinion, based on past experience, that their cattle with the largest proportion of white are the most hardy, and resist disease best. If this be true of the Ayrshires there would seem to be no reason why the contrary should be true in the case of the other breeds.

What he Axed For.

An old negro man stepped into a clothing store in Chattanooga, and approaching the clerk, asked:

"Is you got any cotton hose?"

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, and walking behind the counter, pulled down two or three boxes and began displaying cotton hose by the wholesale, when the negro looked surprised and asked:

"Boss, what'd I ax you for?"

"Cotton hose, didn't you?" replied the clerk.

"Yes, sir. But dese ain't what we hoes cotton wid in our